MARVEL

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RED GOBLIN

PAKNADEL
CAMPANA
POGGI
CURIEL

NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allan and the grandson of Norman Osborn, A.K.A. the Green Goblin--the former archnemesis of SPIDER-MAN. The Osborn family's entanglement with the wall-crawler recently cost Harry his life and Normie his father.

Normie's involvement in super-powered intrigue has grown even more complicated after Dylan Brock, A.K.A. VENOM, granted him a fledgling symbiote of his own named RASCAL. While Normie is wary of the dangers of bonding with a symbiote, he and Rascal have gotten progressively closer the more Normie uses Rascal's abilities to engage in super-heroics—like saving Normie's grandfather from the GOBLIN NATION.

But the Goblin Nation's power is rising again thanks to their new GOBLIN KING--PHIL URICH--whose corpse was resurrected by the regenerative properties of the Goblin Formula. While his right hand, GOBLIN KNIGHT, captured Normie's friend, Tim Anders, to draw Rascal out, Urich secretly hired the mercenary CROSSBONES to eliminate his new lieutenant turned rival. But during Tim's kidnapping, Rascal went berserk! Only through the timely intervention of MILES MORALES, A.K.A. SPIDER-MAN, was the symbiote subdued. Now, Normie and Miles have teamed up to stop the Goblin Nation for good!

RED GOBLIN

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ALCHEMAX APAC, SEOUL.

LIZ? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I'M HERE, **NORMAN.** CHOPPER'S INBOUND, AND THE ALCHEMAX JET'S FUELED AND READY AT INCHEON INTERNATIONAL. YOU?

TAXIING TO THE RUNWAY NOW.

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA.

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? WE AGREED THAT ONE OF US HAS TO REMAIN IN THE CITY AT ***ALL TIMES***-- EVEN WHEN THE SITTER'S WITH THE BOYS.

DON'T PUT THIS ON ME, NORMAN! YOUR PEOPLE DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE HEADED TO BOLIVIA TILL YOU WERE ALREADY **IN THE AIR.**

BUT YOU ***ALREADY KNEW*** WHERE I WAS HEADED...DIDN'T YOU, LIZ?

...

WHOEVER YOU PAID OFF TO KEEP MUM ABOUT THAT NEW LITHIUM MEGA-DEPOSIT IN THE POTOSI SALT FLATS, YOU DIDN'T PAY THEM ENOUGH.

HA! CHAPEAU, LIZ.

HOW CAN WE BE SO GOOD AT **THIS** BUT SO WOEFULLY BAD AT **ANYTHING THAT MATTERS?**

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF. I MAKE A MEAN OLD-FASHIONED, SO I'VE GOT THAT GOING FOR ME.

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN, NORMAN! COMPETITORS OR NOT, THE BOYS ***NEED*** US!

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP!

LOOK, JUST... **SUIT UP** AND LOOK FOR **NORMIE** AS SOON AS YOU'RE WHEELS DOWN AT TETERBORO.

OF COURSE. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN.

SOMEWHERE BENEATH NYC.

A SEWER? COME ON, MAN. I DON'T HAVE, LIKE, AN *INFINITE SUPPLY* OF ONESIES.

YOU SHOULD GET A SUH-SYMBIOTE. *SELF-CLEANING.*

SERIOUSLY?

HOW?

YOU KNOW HOW *C-CATS* DO IT?

...

WAIT, ARE YOU *MESSING* WITH ME?

SORRY, SPIDEY.

NORMIE...AN HOUR AGO, YOU TRIED TO KILL ME *IN THE FACE* WITH A WATER TOWER.

BANTER PRIVILEGES HAVE YET TO BE REINSTATED.

THIS WAY?

YEAH. THAT'S WHERE URICH WAS H-HOLDING POP-POP.

YOU DON'T LOOK GOOD, MAN. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO HOLD IT TOGETHER DOWN HERE?

...I'M FINE.

LIAR.

YOU COULD HAVE JUST *TOLD* SPIDER-MAN WHERE TO GO, BUT NOOOO. YOU WANT ANOTHER EXCUSE TO CUT LOOSE, AND YOU KNOW IT, YOU ***SNEAKY LITTLE OSBORN.***

WHOA. WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

SNF! SNF! TIM'S NOT HERE.

NO, BUT SOMEONE ELSE SURE IS.

NORMIE...

WELL, HERE IT IS, NORMIE... DANGER... RAGE.

SPAKK!

NORMIE, GO LIMP!

SPAKK!

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED.

Y'KNOW, I GOT **BLOWN UP** TODAY. IT WAS **HUMILIATING.**

BUT TAKIN' IT OUT ON SPIDER-MAN AND A MAKE-A-WISH KID MIGHT BE JUST THE PICK-ME-UP I NEED...

RRRRIPP HIMM OPENNN!

NORMIE, THAT'S CROSSBONES! **SERIOUS** DUDE, OKAY?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS. NOT HERE, NOT NOW.

YOU STAY RIGHT HERE. I'LL FIX THIS, I PROMISE.

NNNN, **EVERYBODY** PROMISE...

YEAH, WELL...I'M NOT EVERYBODY.

I'M SPIDER-MAN.

THWIPP!

CLOSE QUARTERS DOWN HERE, KID! NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR YOUR USUAL *CIRQUE DU SOLEIL* CRAP!

CHAKK!

ALLEY-OOP!

KRAK!

Ugghgh!

Nnn! WHERE'S THE KID, CROSSBONES?!

KRAKKK!

WHERE'S URICH KEEPING TIM ANDERS?!

KRAKK!

Hnkkk!

THE LITTLE SNOT WITH THE PEN? YOU TELL ME!

THWIP!

SHKK!

TAKE MORE 'N THAT TO PUT ME DOWN, RUNT!

KA-

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

44T!

OW. OW.

HE DONE?

YEAH, HE'S DONE.

SO'S MY HAND. OW.

DOUBT WE'LL BE GETTING A LOCATION FOR YOUR FRIEND TILL HE WAKES UP THOUGH.

SORRY, I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PULL MY PUNCH. THIS GUY'S A *TOTAL* NIGHTMARE.

I--I JUST REMEMBERED, THERE'S A GOBLIN NATION SAFE HOUSE IN *ASTORIA.*

THAT *MUST* BE WHERE THEY TOOK TIM.

LIAR.

AND YOU'RE ONLY JUST REMEMBERING THIS *NOW,* NORMIE? FOR REAL?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY. I JUST... I CAN'T TH-THINK STRAIGHT WITH RASCAL STOMPING AROUND IN MY HEAD, BUT I'M TELLING YOU...

"...I KNOW WHERE URICH IS."

=KAFF!= =KAFF!=

THE GOBLIN NATION.

CANDRA...?

OH, THANK GOD! WE--

=KAFF!= SAVE IT.

WHERE ARE DASH AND FISHER?

FLOATING FACE DOWN IN THE SEWER.

I'LL BE JOINING 'EM SHORTLY FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

BUT... HOW?

OH, WE'RE REALLY DOING THIS? OKAY...

"THE HIT MAN YOU SENT TO TAKE US OUT GOT ME-- POISONED BLADE."

"CANDRA, THAT'S AN ABSUR--"

"BOSS, DON'T BOTHER. ALL THAT CRAP ABOUT A NEW GOBLIN NATION-- SHARING POWER..."

...YOU CAME TO US 'CAUSE YOU DIDN'T HAVE NO PLACE ELSE TO GO.

I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU.

Krrrkkk...

"AND WHEN THE NATION STARTED LOOKING TO US--TO *ME*--YOUR *GOBLIN KNIGHT*--FOR ANSWERS, YOU COULDN'T STAND IT.

"SO YOU SENT US TO GET TORN APART BY YOUR *RED MONSTER*, AND WHEN IT WENT BAD, YOU SICCED *CROSSBONES* ON US."

CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THAT ANDERS KID'S SO IMPORTANT TO YOU THOUGH.

WHERE IS HE?

NOWHERE GOOD.

WHEN WE WERE FIGHTING--THE *BEAST* AND I--I TORE A SCRAP OF CLOTHING FROM ITS HOST. MUST HAVE BEEN FROM THE WRONG CHILD.

THERE'S A KID UNDER ALL THAT? FIGURES.

YES, BUT NOT *THAT* ONE, CANDRA. NOT TIM ANDERS. I WAS WRONG.

HA! YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD US HUNTING THE BEAST--INSTEAD YOU HAD US HUNTING THE BEAST'S *BESTIE*.

REAL SMART, BOSS.

WELL, YOU CAN'T SAY IT DIDN'T WORK.

BOSS?

=KAFF!= CAN'T I?

WHAT IS IT?

WE, *UH*... WE FOUND A KID DOWNSTAIRS.

A KID?

JUST LEFT FOR US IN THE LOBBY. NO I.D., NO NOTHIN'.

SALTY LI'L SNOT TOO.

LEMME GO, YOU DIRTBAGS!

CANDRA...YOU BROUGHT ANDERS *HERE*?!

IT'S *COMING*, BOSS...

...COMING FOR ITS *POTTY-MOUTHED LITTLE PAL*...

...COMING FOR Y...

ASTORIA.

OKAY, NORMIE, LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE. THOSE DIRECTIONS WERE CRAZY SPECIFIC, SO THIS BETTER BE GOOD.

CAN'T BE RIGHT. SPIDER-SENSE ISN'T PICKING UP SO MUCH AS A ***RAT***, LET ALONE THE GOBLIN NATION.

UNLESS I'M ABOUT TO GET MY BUTT KICKED BY A ***SYMBIOTE DRAGON*** AGAIN, I'M ALL ALONE IN HERE.

CHAR-LEE-CHEEZE? THE KIDS' JOINT?

OH, NORMIE... ***DUDE...***

SKEE BALL

"...YOU SENT ME ON A FREAKIN' ***GOOSE CHASE.***"

SCHOOL NIGHT, LITTLE MAN. YOU LOST?

THIS IS WHERE PHIL URICH WAS KILLED, RIGHT? ***YOUR B-BOSS?***

WHAT'S IT TO YA?

FIGURED HE'D BE HERE. Y'SEE...

"...I CAN'T LET ANYTHING GO EITHER."

KRUMPP!

WHOA, YOU HEAR THAT?

THE DOOR.

HEY, BURGERFACE...

I JUST DITCHED ***SPIDER-MAN*** 'CAUSE I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LET ME PULL YOUR ARMS OFF.

IF I WERE YOU, I'D LET ME AND MY FRIEND WALK OUT OF HERE.

THE OSBORN BOY.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, MAN? YOU LOOK...

TIRED, TIM. THAT'S ALL.

I'M TIRED OF PRETENDING TO BE SOMETHING I'M NOT.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

HEY, EVERYBODY NEEDS TO STAY RIGHT WHERE THEY--

AAAAARGH!

RRAAAGHH!

MOVE. NOWWW.

DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE NOT DISAPPOINTED.
DUDE... THAT THING BACK AT THE MUSEUM WAS *YOU*?!
NOT NOW. LET'S JUST GET OUTSIDE.
YOU SEEM ILL AT EASE, BOY.
THEN AGAIN... THE NIGHT IS *YOUNG.*
PERHAPS... PERHAPS YOUR BURDEN IS *TOO GREAT.*
MY BURDEN?
IT MUST HURT *BOTH* OF YOU... KEEPING THAT BEAUTIFUL TIGER LOCKED IN ITS CAGE...
...ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CAGE IS *YOU.*
HE'S RIGHT.
YOU'RE WRONG.
RASCAL? *RASCAL,* WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NNNORRMIEEE AND RRRASCAL TOO SAAAD TOGETHERRR...
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
GIVE IT TO ME. LET *ME* SHOULDER YOUR BURDEN.
THIS DOESN'T HAVE TO BE YOUR WORLD, SON. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCRABBLE DOWN HERE IN THE BLOOD AND THE MUCK WITH THE LIKES OF *US.*

"RASCAL"? THAT'S WHAT YOU NAMED A *PRINCE OF THE VOID?*

YOU DON'T DESERVE SUCH A TREASURE!

UH, WHY IS YOUR RED-SUIT THINGIE OOZING OVER TO THAT CREEP?

I DON'T KNOW! IT'S LIKE HE...

"...HE'S *TRYING* TO *LEAVE.*"

NNNORRMIEE BEE HAPPY NOOWW...

NO! RASCAL, I KNOW WE'RE IN TROUBLE BUT YOU CAN'T GO TO *HIM!* YOU CAN'T!

YOU'LL STILL HURT PEOPLE...

"...YOU JUST WON'T *CARE.*"

HA! YOU SEE, BOY, WINNING IS A MATTER OF KNOWING WHAT THE OTHER PARTY WANTS.

YOUR MONSTER SIMPLY WANTS TO BE A *MONSTER.*

WAIT, WHAT'S HAP--*NO! NO, DON'T GO!*

SIGH YOU DON'T GET IT, URICH. IF RASCAL'S A MONSTER, IT'S BECAUSE *I MADE HIM ONE.*

THAT MEANS HE BELONGS WITH *ME.*

COME ON HOME, RASCAL. LET'S PUT THE HURT ON *ANYONE* WHO HURTS US.

DUDE, THAT GLOP'S COMING BACK FOR YOU. WE GOTTA BOUNCE!

NNN! HE'S NOT GLOP, TIM...

...HE'S PART OF ME!

WEEE DOO BAAAD THINGGSS TOGETHERRR NOWWW, NNORRMIEEE...

NORMIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, MAN?!

I KNOW, RASCAL...

...BUT AT LEAST WE'LL DO THEM TO BAD PEOPLE.

NO! COME BACK! I'M THE ONLY ONE WORTHY OF YOU...

CAN'T TAKE ALL OF US, UGLY!

AH. SO THIS IS THE MOMENT.

UKK! UKK!

SHLUKK!

AAALL OF YOUUU. YESSS.

THIS IS THE MOMENT I STOP PRETENDING.

AIIEEEE!

AND IN THE END, IT'S ***NOTHING.*** IT COMES AS NATURALLY AS TYING MY SHOELACES, JUST LIKE I KNEW IT WOULD.

AND THAT SHOULD SCARE ME.

BUT IT DOESN'T.

OH GOD. OH GOD. I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T... I WAS NEVER GOING TO HURT YOU!

IT WAS CANDRA! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO... I THOUGHT YOU WERE TIM ANDERS!

BAD MANN SMELLLL LIIKE DEAAAD THINGSSSS...

Y-YES! YOU DON'T NEED TO KILL ME! I'M ALREADY DEAD!

LOOK AT ME! I'LL BE MULCH IN A MATTER OF DAYS!

TRYYY TO HUURTTT NNNORRRMIEE...

NO! I DIDN'T, I SWEAR! I...

EEEVERYONE WHO HUURTT NNORRMIEE WILL PAYYY...

SIR? MR. OSBORN?

NOT NOW, ANTHONY.

SIR, SOME GENTLEMEN FROM THE I.R.S. ARE IN THE OFFICE. A SURPRISE AUDIT.

...

GET THEM COURTSIDE KNICKS TICKETS FOR TONIGHT. AND TAKE THEM TO VESELKA.

PIEROGI? REALLY?

YOU THINK OVERWORKED GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES CRAVE *SAUTEED LANGOUSTINE?*

COMFORT FOOD AND QUAFFABLE BOURBON, ANTHONY. TRUST ME.

SIR, I STILL THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU CAME IN...

MY GRANDSON IS MISSING. HANDLE IT.

NOK! NOK!

...

HELLO?

YOU'RE OSBORN, RIGHT? NORMIE'S GRANDPA?

MY NAME'S TIM. I'M A FRIEND OF YOUR GRANDSON'S.

HE'S IN TROUBLE, AND HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.

TO BE CONTINUED!

RED GOBLIN

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